

THE
CURATICAL BATTLE
FOR
Q.
CHAPPEL:

Address to the Reverend

PARSONS, D--K and M---L.



L O N D O N:

Printed for H. CARPENTER, in *Fleet-street*. 1746.

[Price Six-pence.]

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Address to the Rev. Mr.

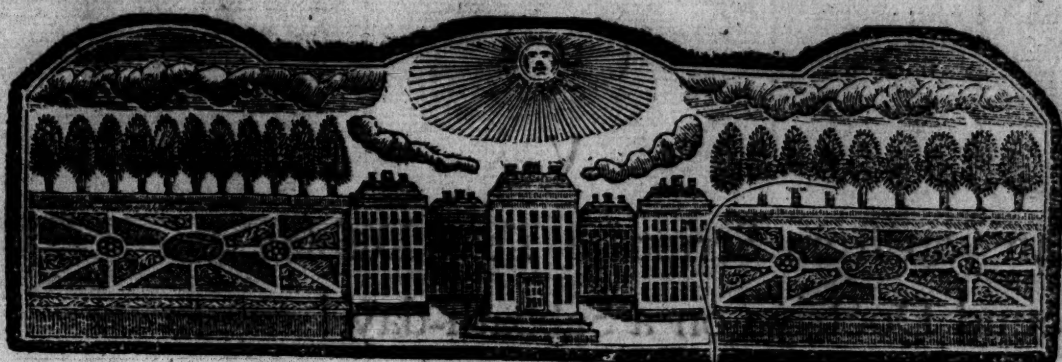
PARRSON & CO. M.D.



L. O. W. D. O. W.

Printed for H. CARPENTER, in Fleet-Street, 1744.

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THE
CURATICAL BATTLE, &c.

I.

QUOTH *Stephen D--k* to *Tom* of *K--w*,
My Hermitage and Verses too,
Begin to fail; 'tis Time to preach,
And Gospel in Assemblies teach.

II.

The last Resort for broken Cafe,
Is taking Orders for a Place;
To *Romish* Priests and ancient *Jew*,
For Sanctuary to Temples flew.

III.

My Ground is *K--w*, -- I'll thee supplant,
I'll Cushion threſh and loudly cant:
I'll *Tom*, the former Curate lurch,
My Parts will paſs in Country Church.

IV.

Quoth angry *Tom*, will you pretend
To under-mine your beſt old Friend?
Can you keep ſuch an Act as I,
And *Cambridge* Graduate defy?

Can

V.

Can you from Scripture Text Display
Sound Doctrine on a Sabbath-day !
Devoid of Letters, Style, and Sense,
Of no Degree but Impudence.

VI.

My Pen shall break this Contest Bone,
I'll throw some Wit, and *Stephen* Stone ;
Will you engage in Preaching knack,
D--ks only cry, a Quack, a Quack.

VII.

Stephen replies, 'tis my hard Luck,
But who can sink a diving Duck.
O ! Pulpit be my threshing Floor,
I'll beat poor *Thomas* out of Door.

VIII.

My ancient Stroke I will resume,
As Maids brush Spiders with a Broom ;
My good old Play will soon prevail,
There is no Fence against a Flail.

IX.

My Country Staff gives master Strokes,
Than all your *Cantab* witty Jokes :
I own as Poet and Divine,
Your Works in printed Volumes shine.

I too

(v)

X.

I too in *Carolina's* Days,
 Have rhym'd away in Rural Lays.
 I too, as *D--k* have had my Flights,
 My Quill in Musick's Numbers writes.

XI.

I now proceed on second Thought,
 With Front and Tone and Sermons bought,
 Into a Curate's Post t'intrude,
 Tho' impolite, untaught, and rude.

XII.

Thus the ill-fated Curates twain,
 Like Dog and Duck a Fight maintain.
 The Duck takes Wing, the Cur pursues,
 And Battle with the Bird renews.

XIII.

The Pair of Priests, now Foes, once Friends,
 Like *Homer's* Frogs and Mice contends.
 The Doctor regularly breed,
 The Duck half strain and poorly fed.

XIV.

And yet 'tis fear'd the rustick Bard,
 For *E--t--n Tom* will be too hard.
 Behold the Turn of Fortune's Ball,
 Quacks mount the Stage and Doctors fall.

'Tis

XV.

'Tis merits Fate to lose the Prize,
 The Scholars droop and upstarts Rise.
 This tragi-comick Farce admits,
 A Simile that aptly fits.

XVI.

Have you not seen an Owl fast ty'd,
 On a Duck's Back in Triumph ride;
 'Till Duck dives down, then Madge goes too,
 And rises sputt'ring, hoo! hoo! hoo.

XVII.

The Sport each frightened Bird confounds,
 The Bank with mobbish Mirth resounds;
 Some praise the Duck, and some the Owl,
 But Duck is thought the better Fowl.

XVIII.

Poor Madge like Culprit closely bound,
 By Duck-pond play is sunk and drown'd:
 The Owl is Wisdom's Badge, then who would
 think,
 An half-bred Duck should Bird of *Athens* sink.

F I N I S